G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

VOL. IV.-NO. 40.

WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1850.

The National Era is Published Weekly, on Seventh Street, opposite Odd Fellows' Hall. TERMS.

I'wo dollars per annum, payable in advance.
Advertisements not exceeding ten lines inserted three times for one dollar; every subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents. All communications to the Era, whether on

business of the paper or for publication, should be addressed to G. Balley, Washington, D. C.

BUELL & BLANCHARD, PRINTERS, Nixth street, a few doors south of Pennsylvania avenue.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER 30, 1850

For the National Era. THE PUBLIC MEART.

THE RULE OF RIGHT-MAN'S MORAL SENSE,

BY ISAAC H. JULIAN. " I will p'ace within them as a guide

My umpire Conscience " God IN MILTON. un! listen to the throbbings of the mighty public heart.

Seating strong for Truth and Justice, bidding knave and God is speaking in its cadence, He gave its earliest tone, And it still repeats the harmony nearest to his throne! As, like a fount outgushing in purity and force,

It springs and swells eternally, aspiring to its Source. is human nature wholly false? Does Mammon reign s preme? is there no ling'ring ray divine, its darkness to redeem?

Let ragan Athens answer, treading lucre in the dust, Heeding not her great Themistocles, but Aristides Just; Let Greece united answer, when Flaminius' decree Awose the thunder of her voice for new-found liberty! Let Brita'n's millious answer, who, forgetting their own

wrongs, Struck eight hondred thousand Manacies from slavery's cronching througs,
And antelated heavenly bliss in grateful freemen's song

Yes, the self-same sun whose morning beams shone saily And melancholy beauty of the slave-thronged Isles of balm

Heard their song of freedom rise at eve to Heaven like a Let flery France make answer-never call her struggle

Rehold her crying unto God for liberty again! While the tempests on her gather, who, with co

With a glory streaming round him, rises up to still the Tis the poet Christian statesman, immortal Lamartine! He speaks-and rage and clamor, and the cry for huma

Are drown'd in cheers of liberty, and songs of brotherhood Nation calleth unto nation, as deep answereth unto deep-

And lo, thy soul, Columbia! arouses as from sleep!
Arouses—and the fetters which bound her in her shame, Part asunder at her rising, as flax before the flame! Now bind again her pinions, lying statesmen! if you can And quell her pulse's throbbings for the holy rights of man Ye are wise in sordil craftiness, ye are men of mighty

But know that your own heartlessness belongs not to your And though, like Alpine summits, ye may soar aloft-to

Your strength is as the siender reed's, swayed by the eve For the fount of human feeling, in an exhaustless tide

is pouring forth a lava flood to whelm you in your pride! Oh! listen to the throbbings of the mighty public heart! God is speaking in each exdence: "Let your sordid aims

my Truth and Right!

Man is more than food or raiment, more than gold or silve

Mount Vernon, Linn County, Iowa.

For the National Era

APOLONIA JAGIELLO. BY GRACE GREENWOOD

During a late visit to Washington, it was my good fortune to become acquainted with Mile. Jagiello, the Hungarian heroine, who was then staying at the house of her friend, M. Tyssowski. Becoming much interested in her, I requested to be allowed to write a sketch of her "strange, eventful history"-knowing that, in so doing, I should not only give myself a rare pleasure, but gratify my countrewomen, to most of whom the brilliant career of the brave woman-soldier is more a dazzling dream of romance than a simple reality. To assist me in this pleasant work, a friend of Mile Jagiello, Major Tochman, of Washington, was so kind as to furnish me with some memoranda of facts, which she had communicated to him; and upon this authority I shall proceed in my brief biography. These notes are not life and personal relations of the heroine; but I

this kind should not now be made public.

Apolonia Jagiello was born in Lithuania, a part of the land where Thaddeus Kosciusko spent his first days. She was educated at Cracow, the ancient capital of Poland-a city filled with monuments and memorials sadly recalling to the mind of every Pole the past glory of his native land. There, and in Warsaw and Vienna, she passed the days of her early girlhood. She was about nineteen when the revolution of 1846 broke out at Cracow. " That revolution," says Major Tochman, "so little understood in this country, although of brief duration, must and will occupy an important place in Polish history. It declared the emancipation of the persantry and the abolition of hereditary rank, all over Poland; proclaimed equality, personal security, and the enof all men living on Polish soil. It was suppressed by a most diabolical plot of the Austrian Government. Its mercenary soldiery, disguised in the national costume of the peasants, excited against the nobility the ignorant portion of the peasantry in Gallicia, which province, with other parts of ancient Poland, had to unite in insurrecon with the republic of Cracow. They were made to believe, by those vile emissaries, that the bject of the nobility was to take advantage of the approaching revolution, to exact from them higher duties. In the mean time the civil and military officers of the Austrian Government circulated proclamations, at first secretly, then publiely, offering to the peasants rewards for every head of a nobleman, and for every nobleman delivered into the hands of the authorities alive Fourteen hundred men, women, and children, of noble families, were murdered by the thus excited and misled peasantry, before they detected the fraud of the Government. This paralyzed the revolution already commenced in Cracow.

"The Austrian Government, however, did not reap the full fruit of its villany; for when the peasants perceived it, they arrayed themselves with the friends of the murdered victims, and showed so energetic a determination to insist on the rights which the revolution at Cracow promised to secure to them, that the Austrian Government found itself compelled to grant them many mmunities"

This was the first revolution in which Mile. Ingiello, who was then in Cracow, took an active part. She was seen on horseback, in the picturesque costume of the Polish soldier, in the midst of the patriots who first planted the white eagle and the flug of freedom on the castles of the ancient capital of her country, and was one of the handfull of heroes who fought the battle near Podgorze, against a ten-fold stronger enemy. Mr. She is now about twenty-four, of medium height, "You mistake me, sir; indeed, I am

Tyssowski, now of Washington, was then invested with all civil and military power in the Republic. He was elevated to the dictatorship for the time of its danger, and by him was issued the celebrated manifesto declaring for the people of Poland the great principles of liberty to which we have already alluded. He is now a draughtsman

in the employ of our Government. After the Polish revolution which commend in Cracow was suppressed, Mlle. Jagiello reassumed female dress, and remained undetected for few weeks in that city. From thence she removed to Warsaw, and remained there and in the neighboring country, in quiet retirement among her friends. But the revolution of 1848 found her again at Cracow, in the midst of the combatants. Alas! that revolution was but a dream-it accomplished nothing-it perished like all other European revolutions of that year, so great in grand promises, so mean in fulfilment. But their fire is yet smouldering under the ashes covering the Old World-ashes white and heavy as death to the eye of the tyrant, but scarcely hiding the red life of a terrible retribution from the prophetic eye of the lover of freedom.

Mile. Jagiello then left Cracow for Vienna where she arrived in time to take a heroic part in the engagement at the faubourg Widen. But her chief object in going to Vienna was to inform herself of the character of that revolution, and to carry news to the Hungarians, who were then in the midst of a revolution, which she and her countrymen regarded as involving the liberation of her beloved Poland, and presaging the final regeneration of Europe. With the aid of devoted friends, she reached Presburg safely, and from that place, in the disguise of a peasant, was conveyed by the Hungarian peasantry carrying provisions for the Austrian army, to the village of St. Paul

After many dangers and hardships in crossing the country occupied by the Austrians, after swimming on horseback two rivers, she at last on the 15th of August, 1848, reached the Hungarian camp, near the village of Eneszey, just before the battle there fought, in which the Austrians were defeated, and lost General Wist. This was the first Hungarian battle in which our heroine took part as volunteer. She was soon promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and, at the request of her Hungarian friends, took charge of a hospital in Comorn. Whilst there, she joined, as volunteer, the expedition of 12,000 troops, under the command of the gallant General Klapka, which made a sally, and took Raab. She returned in safety to Comorn, where she remained, superintending the hospital, until the capitulation of the fortress.

She came to the United States in December last, with Governor Ladislas Ujhazy and his family, where she and her heroic friends received a nost enthusiastic welcome.

I know that some of my gentle and delicate countrywomen may shrink from a contemplation of the martial career of Mlle. Jagiello, or regard it with amazement and a half-fearful admiration. But they must remember for what a country she tensity of a high and passionate nature, when the hour of uprising and fierce struggle came at last, could she do otherwise than join has been a trike with them for the one glorious cause—a great purpose, making strong her girlish arm, and the dawn of a great hope brightening in her eyes. Ah! those beautiful eyes! How often must her brave followers, when sad and disheartened, have turned to them for cheer and guidance, drinking ed through a high western window in a city block. fresh courage from those fountains of light.

The eagerness with which our heroine took part in the Hungarian revolution, proved that her patriotism was not confined within the narrow limits of her native land; that she loved freedom even more than Poland. In the situation which she so readily filled in the hospital at Comorn, as the patient nurse of the wounded and the comforter of the dying, she revealed beneath the heroism of the soldier the tenderness of the woman-a heart within a heart. The hand which had clenched the sword with a firm grasp, and been stained with the base blood of the Austrian, looked very soft and fair as it smoothed the pillow of the sick, or held the cooling draught to fever-parched lips; and the eye which had looked steadily on the mad rush, the flume and tumult of the fight, and flashed its beautiful defiance in the face of the advancing foe, grew wondrous pitiful as it gazed upon the bleeding and prostrate paas full as I could desire in regard to the private triot, and dropped fast tears on the dead brow of a fellow-soldier.

The daughters of Poland and Hungary are understand that there are reasons why matters of grand race of women. They do not assume the garb and take the arms of the soldier, nor do his terrible work, because they are stern, and hard, and warlike by nature, but because all that is dear to them on earth-home, honor, liberty, and love-are at stake. They fight with and for the best loved of their hearts-their great hearts, which cannot comprehend a feeling that would cause them to shrink from the side of a father, a husband, or a brother, in the hour of extremest peril. Their coursge, after all, is of that quality

"Is but the tender fierceness of the dove,

Pecking the hand that hovers o'er its mate." Many were the heroines actively engaged in serving the cause of Freedom during the Hungarian struggle. Not alone in the saddle and under arms, but in ways and capacities not less honorjoyment of the fruits of labor, as inherent rights able, though perhaps less imposing. General Pragay, in his work on Hungary, says:

" No sooner had Windischgrätz gratified him self with executions by the dozen, and guarded the bastions of Vienna with cannon, than he marched his disposable force, amounting to 72,000 men, upon Hungary. It was quite impossible to resist such a power in extended cantonments, and after several unimportant actions, Gorgey ordered a general retreat to Raab, in the middle of December. Here intrenchments were thrown up, on which the noblest ladies worked with their delica

A sister of Kossuth served during the war as general superintendent of hospitals; Mile. Mary Lagos served as adjutant in the brigade of General Asherman. She was taken prisoner, and her fate is unknown. Mlle. Cawl served as captain she was a niece of General Windischgrätz, and fought twice against the Austrians commanded by her uncle. She was taken prisoner in a battle fought against the infamous Haynau, and shot by his order.

Not vainly have those glorious women dared and struggled, and endured, and died. The world needs such lessons of heroic devotion-of the soul's greatness triumphant over mortal weakness-and their names, wreathed with the rose, the laurel, and the cypress, shall be kept in sweet and proud, and mournful remembrance, while heroes are honored, and great deeds can rouse uman hearts, and while the tyrant is hated of man and accuraed of God.

Mile. Jagiello is now with us. She seems regard the land of her adoption with admiration and affection, though looking on its beauty and

grandeur through the tearful eyes of an exile. Hungarian, or rather Polish h

cially delicate and beautiful, and her figure round fusing his pale cheek. and graceful. She is a brunette, with large dark an expression of great determination, but her smile is altogether charming. In that the woman new-fangled inventions. Why, it would kill an a cheering laugh. He reached the foot of the love, and sometimes startles you with a decided ney to you. Good bye !" ring of the steel. Her enthusiasm and intensity of feeling reveal themselves in almost everything she says and does. An amusing instance was | teau, and bowed himself out. told me when in Washington. An album was one day handed her, for her autograph. She took it with a smile; but on opening it at the name of M. Bodisco, the Russian ambassador, pushed it from her with flashing eyes, refusing to appear in the

same book with " the tool of a tyrant!" Yet, after all, she is one to whom children go, feeling the charm of her womanhood, without being awed by her greatness. She bears herself with no military sir; there is nothing in her manner to remind you of the camp, though much to tell you that you are in the presence of no ordinary woman

The life of a soldier, with its dangers and prirations, with all its fearful contingencies, was not sought by Jagiello for its own sake, nor for the glory it might confer, but was accepted as the neans to a great end. She believed that the path of her country led through the Red Sea of revolution, to liberty and peace, and stood up bravely by the side of that country. Her young heart fired, and her slender arm nerved with a courage that knew not sex.

As the women of America have given their admiration to her heroism, they will give also, and more abundantly, their sympathy to her misfortune. She bears to our shores a weary and an almost broken heart. May she here find repose and consolation, while awaiting that brighter day, which shall as surely dawn for her unhappy country, as freedom is the primal right of man, as oppression is a falsehood and a wrong, and as God is over all.

For the National Era BESSIE LINDSAY: OR, THE HOYDEN TAMED.

BY MARY IRVING.

"Come to our hearth and home, Charles-we will give you a welcome for your poor mother's sake, as well as your own. They tell us you're pining away off in that pent-up city, and going the way she went. Don't kill yourself studying, my boy; it's a sin, besides being a folly. Come out into the country for a bit of fresh air and fresh life! I haven't seen you for many a year, Charley; but if you're akin to the little shaver Charley; but if you're akin to the little shaver that used to chase my oxen and hunt my hens' nests a dozen years ago, why, you'll still find here is my Rissy." Miss Theresa gave a demure something to stir your blood on 'Squire Lindsay's old-fashioned place. My poor wife has been dead these nine years come next Christmas; but I have girls enough to keep the old house lively, and not little blue-eyed, golden-curled fairy of nine came fought, with what an enemy she contended, a bit of a 'laddie' among them. Come, Charles, Loving Poland with a love which had all the I'm in right down earnest. My girls want a strength and fervor of a religion, and hating its brother, I want a son, and you-you want a home said and good nursing. I can't forget that you are Alice Wilson's boy-the child of my own favorite cousin; and there's a sort of rising in my heart when I remember it, that gives me a kind of feeling of claim

> ing. Come to us for the whole summer !" Thus ran the warm-hearted letter which Charles Franklin stood reading, one pleasant eve of spring-time, by the twilight gleams that glanc-There was a grateful, almost buoyant smile on his countenance, but it was unmistakably "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Charles Franklin had buried, six months before, a mother almost idolized-a mother whose moonlight smile from her sick chamber had shed a sombre cheerfulness over his whole young life. She was his only remembered parent, and remembered as always a sufferer. He had left his college cares to follow her to the far South, and there soothe her last hours. She had breathed out her calm life on his shoulder, and he had come back to active life with the "shadow of a great grief" on his

refuse an old friend's homely, blunt way of ask-

Yet he shrank not from the battle-field Duty into the morass of Melancholy. He felt that her angel eye was watching him from the skies; he knew how she would have striven to parture in his heart those seeds of patience, fortitude, and disinterestedness, which she had planted there from her own. "I will fulfil a destiny she shall smile upon!" was his resolve. With the vow of a high and holy profession upon his spirit, he threw himself again into the arena of study, and wrestled with the masters of old, as one who was determined to rifle their most hidden treasures. But the conflict with emotions thus nobly conquered had left his spirit's tenement too weak for the weight of duty he laid upon it; and sudden illness came to suspend for a time his

The sharp visage of his "tutelar Esculapius protruded itself through the doorway just as Charles was thoughtfully refolding his letter.

Walk in, walk in, Doctor! good evening exclaimed he, advancing a chair, toward which the portly Dr. strode with a sort of impatient

"Books! books again!" growled he, thumping his knuckles upon the well-strewn study table beside him. "What were my orders, young man?

"Only recreation, Doctor! Positively I was tiring to death of nothing to do, so I took up my Trigonometry for an hour only," "Trigonometry be hanged! or you will be-

rorse off!" exclaimed the offended dignitary, frowning fearfully as he rolled up his cuffs for the preparation of some powders. "I wish you were well away from under this roof and my care! These obstinate fellows! they are enough to ruin any clever man's reputation !

"Aha! well, Doctor, what do you think of despatching me into the country for a month or two? I have just received an invitation from a kind old friend, a connection of my mother." "Go! go! by all that's hopeful," exclaimed

the physician "There's no rest or respite for you here, I see plainly enough. Go upon a farmnoe corn-dig ruts-bagas - hunt - swim - flir with the country girls; do anything but study ! and you may 'throw physic to the dogs,' with my hearty amen!"

"It is a journey of a hundred miles, Doctor How soon is it advisable for me to set out 2"

"This week-to-morrow-by all means, if you an. Be off with yourself forthwith ! and mind don't let me see you again until you are as ruddy and sunburnt as a Seminole !" He rose to leave.

"But, Doctor," inquired Charles, laughing. you are not serious in interdicting all study ?" Yes, youngster! all but the study of botany and black eyes, if you please! As for this rubbish here, I positively forbid you to load your trunk with an inch of it. As you value your life, take heed! Take your eye off the valedictory, young man! You may blaze up like the rocket, but your life will be almost as se, may be in- short. Make a lesser star of yourself, and you

may shine out your appointed time."

"Don't talk that to me!" rejoined the Doctor, eyes, and black, abundant hair. Her lips have incredulously. "'Tis a wonderful age, this! comes out; it is arch, soft, and winning-a rare ox to sit bent as you young gentlemen bend over an indescribable smile. Her manner is simple your books, through two-thirds of the blessed and engaging, her voice is now gentle or mirth- twenty-four hours! But I will risk your stumful, now earnest and impassioned-sometimes bling upon any musty tomes in that out-of-thesounds like the utterance of some quiet, home- way corner. Good evening, sir! a pleasant jour-

And the Doctor, a wiser worthy than some of his cotemporaries, slammed together his portman- this."

The middle of a sultry afternoon landed Charles dusty and weary enough with stage jolting, at the door of a fine, old-fashioned farmwase. I shall not attempt its description; for Daguerreotypes of places, as well as of persons, are too likely to turn out only prim caricatures of their originals; and that, too, in proportion to the fascinations of said originals. Charles only saw, of the first glance, three chas that invitingly waved him forward, and two bulky maples which shaded the short and sanded avenue. A grayhaired man, with a calm, kind smile, stood on th door-stone at its extremity to welcome him; and two or three heads were vaguely peeping out from behind the muslin curtain of the "best parlor"

"Charles Franklin, I'm sure, and no other!" exclaimed his warm welcomer, with a cordial but courtly grasp of the hand. "Like mother, like son, sure enough. I should have known you among a thousand. Walk in-walk in-never mind your fare !" and, hurrying him through two low doorways, 'Squire Lindsay (for such prefix the plain farmer bore) ushered him into the assemblage of his family.

A short, thin-featured, sharp-eyed "maiden." of an age beyond the "uncertain," quite formidable in a starched cap and immaculate apron, fixed Charles' eye at entering, as if by mesmeric pow-

er. She was whirring a wheel with the velocity of a small wind-mill, and turned upon him with s suddenness quite startling. "Aunt Hetty," as he afterwards learned to call her, or "Miss Lindsay," as she was then introduced to him, was a well-meaning virago, whom no one but her all- you grow to a woman ?" enduring, imperturbable brother would have retained at the head of his young family. "Every one has a vocation, and that vocation is determined by natural gifts." If this be true philosophy, Aunt Hetty had not mistaken her own ; for few could boast greater capabilities in the scrub-

bing and scolding line.

Mary Lindsay, her father's eldest—an invalid, with a slight veil of capriciousness and unrest over pale, regular features-was next brought to

Milly, the next one, is in the south district. courtesy; "she was named for your grandmother-my aunt. This is Lucy;" tapping a bashful head that glided from under his touch, and fearlessly dancing to him, "here is the pet of all; my baby Bella!"
"You have quite a family, 'Squire Lindsay,"

otively and respectfully, feeling that so servation upon the scene before him was called for feeling, at the same time, all a collegian awkwardness in the presence of stranger ladies. Ah! you have not seen all yet! Sure enough! who would think to keep track

of Bessie !" replied the quick-tongued damsel ad-dressed. "I calculate she's chasing the cows or the sheep in the meadows, as usual!" No, Aunt Hetty, she's riding Leopold to waspoke up little Bella. "I spy her! Thereter.

Charles turned to the window by which he was sitting, just in time to see a bay horse dash past at a most alarming pace, ridden by a gipsy-looking girl, without saddle or stirrup et swinging back in the wind and dust, with her tangled hair. "Bessie is a sad romp!" observed the father

with a quiet, apologetic smile; "but we hope she will tame to something at last. Come, Charles, now make yourself at home among us, such as we It was at the tea-table that Charles's curiosity

was first gratified with a fair gaze at the "little Amazon," as he mentally christened her. Lookwith which Aunt Hetty had inundated his plate he encountered the gaze of a pair of piercing black eyes in the doorway. The locks were tamed into some sort of submission to conventional usages; but the dress-alas for Aunt Hetty's washing and mending!——
"Bessie! I'm ashamed of you—go straight up

stairs and change your dress! "I don't believe she has a whole one, ma'am, observed Mary, in a despairing undertone "This was the last clean one, put on this morn

Come in, then-you're a disgrace to you family! Aren't you ashamed to own yourself to your Cousin Charles?" There was a frank wilfulness and wild grace in the manner of the little hoyden, as she came t take the hand he extended to her, that roused

still more his interest and curiosity
"How old is this one?" he inquired, smilingly "Thirteen, sir. I'm abashed to say it. She ought to be quite a young lady this by time." Time enough-time the father, indifferently, taking up the thread of

"I wonder whether she is tamable !" thought Charles, as he laid his head upon the down pillow of the "spare chamber" that night; and, with a resolution to try a new experiment in human na

ure, he fell asleep to dream of Petruchio and the "Tamed Shrew."

He very soon found that whatever good faculties the child possessed were locked up in an obstinate, almost defiant indifference to whatever wore the garb of authority. Affection was the key to unlock her nature, and that key had been called a rapided. Beasie exquired the most upon. Tamed Shrew! seldom applied. Bessie occupied the most unen-viable situation of "the youngest-but-one" in a large family: the scape-goat on whom all the ill-humor of old and young was sure to be visited

while ber favored little sister was petted almost to the point of being spoiled.

"Bessie, come along here!" shrieked her aunt from the back door, on the next Monday morning. as the object of her vengeance was chasing a de-voted hen through the mazes of the farm-yard "Come right along to your arithmetic lesson"

Bella tells that you're a whole week behind your "I don't care !" shouted Bessie, as she graspe the hen by her extended wings, tripping over sand heap in her haste, and rolling down a clivity with her capture.

"You know what 'don't care' comes to, little captures are comes to and herty," exclaimed Aunt Hefty,

Miss Good-for-nothing!" exclaimed Aunt Heity, Miss Good-for-nothing!" exclaimed Aunt Perty, rushing from her suds to take captive the fallen captor. But she was too late.

"I don't care!" laughed again Bessie, springing like a squirrel to her feet, and flying beyond the reach of even her voice.

"Was there ever such a young one!" solitoquized the crest-fallen Aunt Hetty, returning to quized the crest-fallen Aunt Hetty, returning to

her wash-tub, and wisely exhausting her ire upon its contents.

Bessie returned in the anticipated disgrace at eve, but fled out of hearing of Bella's tale, and her aunt's redoubled vituperation, with height-ened color, and a quick glance at her stranger

"I will find her out," thought Charles, as he seized his hat and followed the fugitive. In the garden, behind the hay-mow, among the chickens, he sought her in vain, until, passing suddenly around an angle of the farmer's winter wood-pile, he came upon her, sitting upon a round, green log, twisting her lips with her fingers, and actually sobbing with the vexation she had affected

Bessie," cried Charles, as she, springing up, would have fied to the antipodes of the farm. She burst into a shout of laughter, caught up the wooden frame, and ran alone with it to the shed.

"There, now catch me if you can!" cried she, turning to him with gleeful defiance, and then

and quite sleeder. Her arm and hand are espe- tious!" replied Charles, with a slight glow suf- starting off like an antelope toward the little long, bright months, after I graduate, we shall grove. The challenge was too tempting; and spend together. Look forward when you are Charles soon found himself dragged "thorough lonely, Bessie!" bush, thorough brier," in the zeal of his pursuit, while the little dryad, far in advance of him, first oak tree, where she stood, and, panting with the unwonted exercise, threw himself upon the

> of childish triumph and wonder. "No wonder that you make patch-work of your frocks, little Miss Harum-scarum!" exclaimed her half-breathless cousin "I only wonder at what is left of you, after such wild-goose chases as Charles had thrown into the latent mine of intel-

Bessie laughed immoderately. "Oh! I do so

mossy knoll at her feet. She, unflushed, unwes-

ried, bent her wild eyes upon him with a mixture

Love running! that is very evident, little ray from the heart-mirror within lighting up her | tie teacher. fine eves.

"And your sisters?" "N-no, not all Mary, sometimes, when she not touchy, and Rissy well enough, but"— "And Bella? she is a sweet little cherub." Yes-but she tells tales of me," murmured sie, rather hitterly.
And Aunt Hetty?" added Charles, demurely

"No! I hate Aunt Hetty!" replied the child, And study?" The mischievous smile would wreathe his lips this time, and Bessie's penetra ting glance took it in. Pshaw !

But tell me what you do love ?" persisted hefishing?"
"Yes! fishing and berrying-and robins and

ebirds-and clover-heads and chickens-and bs-and Carlo-and Leopold-and"-"Do you love me, Bessie? She glanced at him, as if suspecting some new I don't know yet. You don't look scold-

ish—and you run pretty well. Ha!" and Bessy shouted a merry peal, that waked the twilight echoes of the "good green wood."
"I think we must be friends," said Charles. pulling her to the grass beside him. "Come, make me your confidant. You were in disgrace at school to-night? For what? An arithmetical

And you don't 'love' to study arithmetic?" No! I hate all study with all my heart!" That is a foolish hatred, my child! Just what Aunt Hetty tells me," she replied with an indifferent smile

But you are not always to be a little girl, ssie. What will you make of yourself when What will I be?" she repeated, as if the thought were a new one. "A washerwoman ?"

She laughed. "No, I rather guess not. Would you hire me?" But you are likely to be nothing better, you never learn anything."

Bessie, I'll make a bargain with you."

"If you will give me lessons in running and crambling, I will give you lessons in arithmetic." "Will you really, though, cousin?" she ex-"Yes! I will be at your call for a race in any weather, if you will recite the lessons I shall give

you; and they shall be short and easy ones. There! this shall be a secret of our own-not even papa shall know it !" Bessie jumped from the knoll in ecstasy, and her dog-eared arithmetic. For a few days all went on swimmingly. Bessie cultivated the society of her slate with all assiduity, and

then sprang gleefully to her ramble or her ride

Charles was away; Bessie found her wits entangled among the mysteries of decimal fractions ... A humble bee went huzzing neet 'te blind | soon led to acting; book and slate were thrown down at one sudden impulse, as she tumbled out of the window in chase of a gold-speckled butter-fly. Once in her native element, she was as irreoverable as a fish from the ocean. Sunset came bringing the remorse of duty undone, and the foreboding of a friend offended. "He will scold me, perhaps," thought she. "I don't care!" but her thoughtful countenance belied the expression

strove to assume. Charles spoke no word of reproof; but the shade of disappointment that stole over his face was a weightier punishment. That night, for the first time in her life. Bessie hid a candle under her apron when she was sent to bed ; and, lighting it, finished her task before she went soundly to sleep. And the smile of grateful encourage-ment when next she laid it before Cousin Charles gave a new thrill of joy to her being. Charles, on his part, was learning lessons not less valuable. The study of the rocks and flowers, among which his nimble-footed cousin led him, was a daily joy; and the study of that same little cou in's character became his most delightful one. Did you ever watch the unfolding of that bud of immortality—a child's spirit—and feel your heart grow young again in its fragrance? If so, you will not smile at the hitherto isolated collegian, who had thrown off all the constraints of his

student dignity, and felt himself again a farmer's boy, with all a boy's feelings and impulses. Down! Carlo, down!" cried Bessie to her pet dog, as he was scampering up a steep bank, at whose top a magnificent cardinal flower was tow-ering. She had set her heart upon culling it for her cousin's herbarium. The dog saw her in full chase, and sprang gleefully forward, crushing the precious treasure at one bound. Bessie's wild will was aroused; she caught up the nearest stone in a twinkling, and threw it with all her force at the little animal, before Charles could seize her uplifted arm. The poor dog fell, moaning bitter-

-its leg was broken. Bessie, it was cruel! it was unwomanly!" er claimed her cousin, in indignant tones, as he sprang past her to the wounded animal. Her were yet crimsoned with the surges of "I don't care! I was never cut out to be we

And she bounded off into the thick wood

"Untamable!" ejaculated Charles, sighing he bore home the poor victim of her rashness, and carefully bandaged its leg.

Bessie stole remorsefully to its kennel, thre

hours later, more miserable than she had ever known herself before. The little animal looked up beseechingly, and licked the hand which she timidly reached to it. She burst into an agony

"Oh! my poor Carlo! I wish it was my leg that had been broken! And Cousin Charles will never, never love me again—and I deserve it! Oh dear, dear! I wish I was dead!" She looked up; for Cousin Charles stood lean-ing against the pear-tree near. With an impulse new to her, she sprang forward, and with a fresh,

" Forgive me, oh forgive me, and love me again And Bessie was forgiven and loved.

The evening before the day of his departure ame. Charles had fulfilled all the good Doctor's

prescriptions, even to the matter of flirtation, if escorting his gay, good-humored cousin The resa to all the singing schools and simple soirces of the country might be viewed in the light the tongue of gossip poured upon it. But his ram-bles, by sunlight and moonlight, were with our little Bessie alone. The originality of the child's spirit delighted him, the more that he felt it to

be a mine worked by his hand only.

"I shall find you a complete young lady when I return next year, Bessie," said he, as they sat together on their favorite knoll, watching the ripples of the brook while they chattered to the obles below-"quite grown into Aunt Hetty's ideal of a useful member of society!"

6 Oh, Cousin Charles, indeed I never can be anything good with Aunt Hetty! It is only you that

another being of me. I wish I could always be with you!' And she burst into tears. "Oh!" you are clouding my last evening's sun-ine, Bessie!" and he took the sobbing child

upon his knee.
"Would it mend the matter if I were Will you write to me, Cousin Charles? " She looked up eagerly, but drooped her eyes again, stammering, "I write very miserable letters, Cousin — very bad ones indeed; I don't believe you could read one!"

"Then you will try to write legibly for my sake, that I may not have a hopeless bundle of hieroglyphics to decipher; that will be a fine motive! Remember, Bessie! Drawing and Botany for next year, if you improve excellently. Two

When the next year brought Farmer Lindsay's amateur assistant to his post and to his

working-frock again, he almost started with surprise at the apparition that sprang first and fore-most to greet him. The "little hoyden" of thir-teen was completely disguised in the bright, lively, but gracefully-grown girl of a year older. Still a world of wilfulness sparkled in her eyes, and she loved the communion of sky and breeze as well as ever, but her girlish pride of appearance lect had not gone out in darkness. It was now her delight to learn, as it was his to teach her.

So the two months went by.

"We must send Bessie to boarding-school!"
exclaimed the delighted father, as some of her sy! and what else do you love?"

Love my father! she exclaimed—a quick drawing were laid before him by her enthusias-

Bessie's countenance fell. It would be so tedious!" she murmured. Don't you think I should be expelled the first

week, Cousin ?" "For my sake, and for your father's, try, Besdel" whispered Charles. And Bessie woke a
worthy resolve. The same day that carried her
to — Female Seminary, saw her self-appointed tutor arranging his lonely little room in the

Theological Seminary of a distant city. TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

SPEECH OF HON. CHARLES E. CLARKE. OF NEW YORK.

On the Bill establishing the Boundary between Texas and New Mexico. Delivered in the House of Representatives, Aug. 30, 1850

The House having under consideration Senate bill respecting the boundary between Texas and New Mexico, with the pending amendments-

Mr. CLARKE said : Mr. SPEAKER: I rise with much hesitation aware of the great value of time, and of my inability to gain attention; but the attack of my colleague Mr. Brooks obliges me to reply, or to ciple. It comes with healing in its wings—it ability to guin attention; but the attack of my colleague [Mr. Brooks] obliges me to reply, or to seem to admit that I have been guilty of some great legislative impropriety. The remarks of the gentleman were intended, not to instruct us how we should vote hereafter, but to inflict punishment for votes already given; and the chief burden of his remarks was the incongruity of the gentlemen who voted together on two occasions—to reject the Teyass boundary bill and the chief bolder emotion when he reflects on these magnificances are reject to Teyass boundary bill and the chief burden of his remarks was the incongruity of the gentlemen who voted together on two occasions—to reject the Teyass boundary bill and the chief burden of his remarks was the incongruity of the gentlemen who voted together on two occasions—to reject the Teyass boundary bill and the chief burden of his remarks was the incongruity of the gentlemen who voted together on two occasions—to reject the two constants of the wind the constant of th sions-to reject the Texas boundary bill, and that it was not in order to add to that bill the Senate bill giving a Territorial Government to New Mexico-instead of any abstract impropriety of

the votes themselves.

The gentlemen whose votes my colleague scrutinizes are his equals in place, and perhaps in patron this young empire?

would that providence have been "a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night" to exclude slavery from this young empire? tinizes are his equals in place, and perhaps in patriotism, and holding themselves amenable to their constituents and their consciences, will not be greatly moved because my colleague has seen is left, as my respected colleague proposes to fit to vituperate. For one, I am content to do what is right, and shall not be deterred from that course because others, who usually vote in its way. Repeal the laws of the State of New York

opposition, unite with me.

The bill which I voted to reject on its first reading gives, in my estimation, at least seventy thousand square miles of territory, now free, to Texas, and of course to irremediable and hope-Texas, and of course to irremediate and nope-less slavery—a tract of territory nine times as large as the State of Massachusetts. It gives it in such shape that it embraces on three sides a tract of Indian territory two hundred and ten miles square, with the Missouri Compromise line only to be run, for its northern boundary you have a new slaveholding State, as soon as it shall have a new slaveholding State, as soon as i please the white man to quarrel away the In-

Of the intention to make that Indian Territory brightly enough to tempt an anchorite out of his | territory ceded to Texas. Look at the map, and see "the tracks of the beast!"

The same bill, under the pretence of indemnity

for surreprise and or the kto trial New Mex-Texas ten millions of dollars, (\$10,000,000) Again: by clear and undoubted concert of action the Senate bill giving a Territorial Government to New Mexico, without the Ordinance of '87, (the Wilmot Proviso-the freedom clause,) is moved as an additional section to the bill. The Speaker decides that this is in order, and I vote, in common with political opponents, that it is not in

I do this under the impression that it is the intention of those who nurse these bills, and who hope to collect and tinker up the shattered fraggenes of the Senate's discarded "Omnibus," to move the previous question, and of course cut off all debate and all amendment. Subsequent events have fully justified my suspicions; for no ooner does the gentleman from Massachusetts Mr. Ashmun] get the floor, than he moves the

revious question.

For these votes I have met with unn abuse from my colleague; and not finding in his own vocabulary words sufficiently apt and vituperative, or drapery sufficiently ornate in which clothe his ideas, he quotes upon us the incantaion of the witches in Macbeth. Hear him

"Gentlemen will pardon me, but some lines of Shakspear in through my head, and I must let them out, in order I

'Fillet of a fenny snake. In the cauldron boil and bake Eye of newt, and toe of frog, Wool of bat, and tongue of dog, Adder's fork, and blindworm's sting Lizard's leg and owlet's wing. For a charm of powerful trouble, Like a hell broth boil and bubble

Double, double, toil and trouble; Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.' "And so this cauldron is to be made to boil and bubble i parts of this Union." We shall see whether the "hell-broth" which

the gentleman has concocted for others, will not be commended to his own lips.

The simple proposition is, I have voted against ceding to Texas, and irremediable and hopeless slavery, seventy thousand square miles of free territory, the sovereignty and the soil. I have voted not to pay Texas \$10,000,000, on the false pretence of indemnity for territory ceded to the United States , and I have also voted not to unite the Senate bill to give a Territorial Government to New Mexico without the clause of freedom in-serted; and have done so in company with gentle-

netween my respected colleague and myself.

Many, very many of those who thought like my self on this issue, no doubt voted, not to reject the bill in the first instance, hoping to amend it; hoping, no doubt, to get a different and better boundary, and to strike out the money clause, in whole or in part, and to add to the Territorial Government the "Wilmot Proviso." I respect and honor these gentlemen and their motives freedom and patriotism have no better friends than they; but the action of the friends of this bill has already demonstrated which was the safer vote. I know nothing of the tricks and legerde-main of legislation. I found in this bill nothing that pleased me, nothing that would be satisfac-tory to my constituents. I found that it proposed to rob the Treasury of its money, and freedom of its territory; and that, too, under the false pretence that we were receiving a vast tract of country from Texas, and were equitably bound to pay her debts. I struck at the bill the first opportunity that occurred, and shall thus continue to strike till it is dead, dead, dead, or is passed, and then shall still hope it may be vetoed at the other end of the Avenue. I shall offer no factious op-position; and, if the bill is passed and approved, shall submit to the will of the majority, and con-sole myself with the reflection that the theory of the Government has been vindicated, though jus-

tice has been outraged.

My respected colleague, on the contrary, votes for the bill which cedes to Texas and to slavery seventy thousand square miles of free territory, which gives her \$10,000 000 for nothing; which also gives to New Mexico a Territorial Government without excluding slavery; and claims merit to himself for doing all these things, so contrary to his former professions, on the ground that the Wilmot Proviso is an "obsolete idea, in-vented only to arrest the war with Mexico by showing the South that slavery must not extend to the conquered Territories—that it is now a mere useless and mischievous abstraction. He is mere useless and mischievous abstraction. He is now content to rely on the irrevocable, the fixed decrees of God, to adjust all these matters;" he is certain that those decrees have excluded slavery from all the territory we have lately conquered, and on those decrees he is willing to repose—on God's laws, both North and South, to exclude or to admit slavery. The amount of the whole matter is the territory or to the adroit politication. He is useless, mischievous ubstraction, to deceive and decrees to describe the utter this counterfeit? Is not that the position in which he places himself here to day? Alsa, what shall we believe? Shall we give credence to the member of the Convention devising the ways and means to win to admit slavery. The amount of the whole matter is the territory or to the adroit politication. is, that he proposes to let the subject alone—not to legislate on it at all; and the consolation which our constituents, who sent us here with the express purpose of arresting the progress of sla-

very-its extension into these Territories-is to be informed that all legislation is useless, that it is only "reenacting the law of God" He lays down the principle, that the Federal Government was not instituted to interfere with slavery at all.

WHOLE NO. 196.

either to exclude or admit—and attempts to give force and character to that principle by saying that the Hancocks and the Rutledges, the Adamses and the Pinckneys, bequeathed it as a precious legacy to us. So full is my learned and bib ical colleague on the subject of fate and Heaven's decrees, that he imputes to Divine Providence the introduction of slaves! Hear him : "Providence has fixed this anomalous class of human beings on our otherwise free form of Government. I had before supposed that Providence "fixed this anomalous class in Africa, and the Indians

I am not here to impugn the wisdom of Providence, or to assert the folly that Providence works without a plan; but God has his agents and his means, and they are a part of his decrees. I be-lieve, too, that it is decreed that slavery shall not prevail in the Territories we have lately acquired; and I further believe that the laws which we are and I further believe that the laws which we are sent here to enact, are part and parcel of the means decreed for its exclusion. From the principles asserted by my colleague I dissent in toto. The Wilmot Pariso is only a reservion, under this new name, of a great principle of human liberty older than the Republic—a principle which will last as long as the Republic shall endure. It showed itself in the petitions of our fathers to the King of England to prohibit the

fathers to the King of England to prohibit the slave trade; it was reiterated by those primary assemblies which embodied and gave form to those complaints and grievances which preceded and produced the Revolution; it was emb azoned in our Declaration of Independence, and was enacted as an efficient and enduring principle by our wise forefathers in the Ordinance of 1787, as their unanimous, moral, political sense and senti-ment. Will my learned colleague look to the record, and inform himself what part these great men, whose names he recounts, enacted in the passage of the Ordinance of 1787? If human accents could penetrate the dull, cold ear of death, how would the bones of those departed patriots rattle in their coffins when it was alleged that the Orcent results? Suppose our wise forefathers had thought as my theological colleague thinks, had entertained his fatalism, and had left all these matters "to the providence of Almighty God," would that providence have been "a cloud by

Alas! alas! sad experience has taught us that wherever the question of the existence of slave y prohibiting slavery, and much as we are opposed to the institution, hundreds of families would have

ually excluding slavery from any civilized habitable territory, but by common law or positive en-With reference to physical causes which will exclude slavery from these Territories—and I suppose that is what the gentleman means by "Providence and immutable decrees"—we have

I venture to say that there is no way of effect-

thousand theories. Slavery did exist in all these Territories till it was abolished by Mexican law. and it does now exist to some extent in Califor It is curious to note, in the same newspap and on the same page, and in the adjoining col umn-as though speering at each

other opinious upon the same subject, and we have certain facts which are worth more than a

savingach from North Carolinthe savings of the on the same subject.
As my colleague [Mr. Brooks,] is a capital reader, and has a voice musical as an organ, and loud as a trumpet, will be favor me by reading what our friend from North Carolina says upon this vexed question :

"I frankly tell gentlemen that, in my opinion

will find inducements sufficient to carry it there. From all the informati a that I have been able to obtain by private correspondence with persons there, from publications in the papers, and from conversations with gentlemen recently from that country, including methers of the Legislature of California, I believe there are sufficient inducements to invite slave labor. Gold mines are known to exist there. I am satisfied, also, that the Belegate from Oregon [Mr. Titussron] is right in saying that mines of gold and silver exist on the waters of the Colorado and Gila rivers, as well as in New Mexico. Wherever gold mines exist, especially surface, alluvial, or deposit mises, as contradistinguished from vein mines, slave labor can be employed to the greatest advantage. I have a right to express an appinion on this subject, because, in my own district, for a great many years past, some one, two or more thousand slaves are employed in the gold raines. They are preferred to white laborers general y; being constantly under the eye of the overseer, they can be kept regularly and steadily at work. Such is the constitution of the negro, too, that he can remain with his feet in the water, and his head exposed to the hottest sunshine, without injury to his health. The mode of employing them in the rice-fields is well known, and they thrive there in an occupation which would generally the tail to white men. And I may add, sir, that were slaves at this time generally employed in the mines of California, an increased amount of gold would be obtained without the frightful loss of human life which is known to have occurred. Besides, sir, in addition to the inducements which the mines affard, southern California, to say nothing of the unexplored valleys of the Colorado, affords sufficient agricultural advantages to this species of labor. From its soil and elimate, I have little doubt but that it will produce an gar, cotton, rice, and tropical fruits," &c.

Very well read! and apt to the purpose. will find inducements sufficient to carry it there. From al the information that I have been able to obtain by private

Mr. Speaker, both these gentlemen favor this bill; they are both willing to add to it the Territorial bill for the government of New Mexico both insist that there shall be no clause of free dom inserted, and both are equally confident— the one that slavery can, the other that slavery cannot exist there; both are willing that it shall have at all events a fair chance. They are both willing to leave it to fate and time and chance to

Who shall decide when statesmen disagree? So on as I do nothing to thwart the divine will—so long as I am acting in furtherance of and in obedience to these immutable decrees, I shall be content to remove all doubt upon the subject, and exfate or no fate. The treasure that is safe with-out a lock is none the less safe with it.

My colleague [Mr. Brooks] asserts that the Proviso ceased to be useful when the war ceased with Mexico, that afterwards it was a "useless mischievous abstraction." The war ceased the 2d day of February, 1848. In September of that year, about eight months after the Wilmot Proviso had, according to my colleague's present opinion, become "a useless, mischievous abstrac-tion," the Whigs of New York held a State Convention at Utica for the nomination of State officers and Presidential electors. Of that Convention my colleague was a distinguished member, and he was one of the committee to report an address and resolutions. He reported an address, and that committee reported resolutions, in which he fully concurred, and so to the utmost extent endorsed the Wilmot Proviso, and proclaimed that the Whigs of New York were not only its friends, but its only safe friends; that we were and always had been the uncompromi-sing enemies of the extension of slavery. I re-peat a few lines from that eloquent and patri-otic address, and from those resolutions:

"If we can obtain a majority in Congress to pro-extension of si-very, or to maintain freedom where already exists, we shall secure freedom in the terr have conquered!" It would be interesting to hear my colleague explain of what use a majority in Congress could be to prohibit slavery, if that majority is to let the subject entirely alone.

Again: in the resolutions predicated on this ddress, occurs the following : address, occurs the following:

"Resolved, That the Whig party of the State of New York, faithfully adhering to every obligation of the Constitution, and disclaiming all desire to interfere with the internal regulations and domestic institutions of other States, retierates its soleum and off repeayed declaration of unchangable hostility to the establishment or recognition of slavery in any territory of the United States where it did not exist at the time of the acquisition, as an inflexible resolution which no lapse of time nor exigency of circumstances can ever impair or diminish."

The election of almost every officer depended

The election of almost every officer depended upon his being sound on the slavery question.

Did my colleague utter this obsolete idea—this useless, mischievous abstraction, to deceive and de-lude a confiding people? Did he utter this coun-Convention devising the ways and means to win a great political victory, or to the adroit politician, who, having obtained place and power, throws down in contempt the ladder by which